

Olivia by M.^{rs} Abington



Look you, Sir, such a one I wear.
Act 1. Scene 2.

Published by J. Harrison, Jan^y 1779.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

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WHAT YOU WILL.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

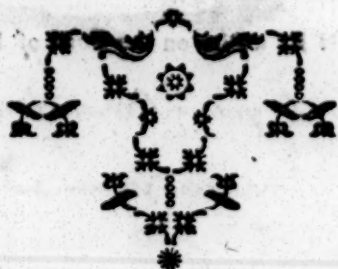
T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare (w.) K



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXIX.

WELFTH NIGHT

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ORSINO.

SEBASTIAN.

ANTONIO.

VALENTINE.

Sir TOBY BELCH.



Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHILL.

A Sea Captain.

FABIAN.

MALVOLIO.

Clown.

W O M E N.

OLIVIA.

VIOLA.

MARIA.

Priests, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City on the Coast of ILLYRIA.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Palace.

Duke, Curio, and Lords, discovered.

[Soft Music plays.]

Duke. IF music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die. [Music again.]
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. [Music again.] Hush!
no more;

'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now, what news from
her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please, my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloyst'ress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chambers round,
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance still.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich, golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Viola, and a Captain.

Vio. What country, Sir, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd.

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O, my poor brother! so, perchance, may
he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and, to comfort you with
Assure yourself, after our ship did split, [chance,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. And knowest thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke; in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him;
He was a bachelor, then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving
In the protection of his son, her brother, [her
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And't might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made my own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass:
Because she will admit no kind of suit;
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus! I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, as before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am; these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots, too; if they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year, in all those ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie! that you'll say so! he plays o'th' vi-
eldegambo, and speaks three or four languages, word
for word, without book, and hath all the good gifts
of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed—almost natural; for be-
sides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler; and
but that he hath the gift of a coward, to allay the
gust he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the
prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels and sub-
tractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly,
in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll
drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat,
and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a kestrel,
that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn
o'th' toe, like a parish-top. What, wench? *Cassio-
liano volto!* for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

SCENE. Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby
Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair threw.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better ac-
quaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost.

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front
her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake
her, in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. If thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would
thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. If you part so, mistress, I would I might
never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think
you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's
my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring
your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your
metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass,
but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends:
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O, knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary:
when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you
see canary put me down: methinks sometimes I have
no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man
has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe
that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. If I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll
ride home, to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I
would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that
I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O
had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair!

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question, for thou see'st it will not
curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't
not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff;
and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her
legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith I'll home, to-morrow, Sir Toby;
your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four
to one she'll none of me: the duke himself, here,
hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' duke, she'll not match
above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit:
I have heard her swear.—Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer.—I am a fellow
o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks
and revels, sometimes, altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be,
under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not
compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick sim-
ply, as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? where-
fore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they
like to take dust, like Mrs. Mall's picture? why dost
thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home
in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig. What

dost thou mean? is this a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well, in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha! ha! excellent! [Exeunt.]

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola in Man's Attire, and Lords.

Duke. Cefario, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow, As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofit'd return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it: For they shall yet belye thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair.—Some four or five attend him; All, if you will: for I myself am best When least in company.—Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine. [Exit Duke.]

Vio. I'll do my best, To woo your lady—yet, O baneful strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide, as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse; my lady will hang thee, for thy absence.

Clow. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours,

Mar. Make that good.

Clow. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, "I fear no colours."

Clow. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars, and that you may be bold to say in your foolery.

Clow. Well, Heaven give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clow. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage! and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clow. Not so, neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clow. Apt, in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh, as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that—here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely; you were best. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clow. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling; those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? better a witty fool, than a foolish wit. God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clow. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clow. Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him. Any thing that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. The lady bade, take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clow. Misprision, in the highest degree. Lady, Cuculus non facit monachum; that's as much as to say, I wear not motly in my brain: good Madona, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clow. Dexterously, good Madona.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clow. I must catechize you for it, Madona; good, my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clow. Good Madona, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clow. I think his soul is in hell, Madona.

Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clow. The more fool you, Madona, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n—take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clow. Heav'n send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two-pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down, the other day, with an ordinary fool, that has no more brains than a stone. Look you, now, he's out of his guard, already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take those wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' Zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets;

there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known, discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing! for thou speak'st well of fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Duke Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: sic on him!—Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the duke, I am sick, or not at home. What you will to dismiss it. [*Exit Mal.*]—Now see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madona, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cramm'd with brains—for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

S C E N E. *Enter Sir Toby.*

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk!—What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman. Here—[*Belching.*] a plague o' these pickled herrings!—How now, fot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby.

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defy lechery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat, makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o'my uncle: for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madona, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yon young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that, too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk was scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach; call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E. *Enter Maria.*

Oli. Give me my veil; come throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be lothe to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very prompt, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good, gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; but this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were faucy at my gates, and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you, than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret to your ears, as divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity.—Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies the text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text? but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I wear. [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips, indifferent red. *Item*,

A C T II.

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. **W**ILL you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound?

Seb. No, sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself: you must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messina, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in one hour; if the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, who tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt-water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again, with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well, at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke Orsino's court: farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of the gods go with thee!

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E. *Enter Viola, and Malvolio following.*

Mal. Young gentleman, were you not e'en now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; for being your lord's, she'll none of it. You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Viola. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

Viola. I left no ring with her; what means this lady! Fortune forbid my outside should have charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That sure methought her eyes did let her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly: She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion Invites me in this charlish messenger.

two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Viola. I see you what you are, you are too proud; But if you are the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant; And in dimension and the shape of nature, A gracious person: yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer, long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense: I would not understand it.

Oli. What would you do?

Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal canto's of contemned love, And sing them loud, e'en in the dead of night: Hollow your name to the reverberant hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air, Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest, Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much——

What is your parentage?

Viola. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more; Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it; fare you well: I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

Viola. I'm no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse: My master, not myself, lacks recompence. Love make his heart of flint that you shall love; And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. *[Exit.]*

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.——I'll be sworn thou art.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon—Not too fast—Soft, soft, unless the man the master were. How now! even so quickly may one catch The plague! methinks I feel this youth's perfections, With an invisible and subtle stealth, To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be—What, ho, Malvolio!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, The duke's man; he left here this ring behind him, Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it: Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I'll give him reason for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. *[Exit.]*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatt'rer for my mind: Fate, shew thy force; ourselves we do not owe, What is decreed, must be; and be this so! *[Exit.]*

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. What will become of this? as I am man, My state is desp'rate for my master's love; As I am woman, now, alas the day! What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t'untie. [Exit.

SCENE, Olivia's House.

Sir Toby and Sir Andrew discovered.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, not to be abed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion—I hate it worse than an unfill'd cann; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria! I say! a stoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts; did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent wit. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling, last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogremitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good, i'faith: I sent thee sixpence, for thy leman—Had'st it?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratility; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done.

Sir To. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: why, then, something else, or what you will. Come, begin. [They sing.

SCENE. Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep, here! if my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.* [Singing.

Clo. Refresh me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. [They sing a catch.

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an ale-house of my lady-house, that you squeak out

your cosiers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneak up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that tho' she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone. [Singing.

Mal. Nay good, Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die. [Falls down, singing.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Sir, you lye: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by St. Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth, too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chin with crums. A stoop of wine, Maria.

Mal. Mrs. Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go, shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient, for to-night; since the youth of the duke's was to day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan! thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affected ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself: so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my nose, too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you; I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let Fabian make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once, too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight: thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i'th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed, now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exit.

SCENE. The Palace.

Enter Duke and Viola.

Duke. Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it, remember me; For such as I am, all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.

My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye Hath staid upon some favour that it loves: Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then.

Once more, Cesario, Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty: Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty land; The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune: But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems, That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart, As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's fides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion As love doth give my heart: make no compare, Between that love a woman can bear me, And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may In faith, they are as true of heart as we. [owe; My father had a daughter lov'd a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

Duke. What's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told her love; But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud, Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought; And with a green and yellow melancholy, She sat like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed? We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed, Our shews are more than will; for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's house, And I am all the sons; but yet I know not—— Sir, shall I to to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel: say, My love can give no place, 'bide no denay. [Exit.

SCENE, Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue.—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three behind yon tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow; this half hour. Observe him for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. [Tbrows the letter upon the ground.] Close, in the name of jesting; lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

SCENE. Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should the fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue.

Fab. O, peace! contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets, under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio——

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Trachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—To ask for my uncle Toby—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches, bows there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live!

Mal. I extend my hand to him, thus: quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of countenance.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, Uncle Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew.

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me a fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh, peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand; these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's; why what?

Mal. "To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases. By your leave, wax. Soft, and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. "Jove knows I love, alas! but who Lips do not move, no man must know." No man must know—what follows? the numbers alter—no man must know—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. I may command, where I adore,

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart does gore,

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M. O. A. I. doth sway my life"—nay, but first let me see—let me see—

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stanyel checks at it?

Mal. "I may command, where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this—and the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me. Softly, "M. O. A. I."

Sir To. O, ay! make out that! he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, tho' it ben't as rank as a fox.

Mal. M——Malvolio—M: why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at a fault.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation; A. should follow, but O. does.

Fab. And O. shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then I. comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—this simulation is not as the former—and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose, "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirits embrace them; and to snare thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that fights for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, the fortunate and happy." Day-light and champion discover no more; this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point device the very man. I do not fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings, of late; she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. "Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee smile." Jove, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport, for a pension of thousands, to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench, for this device.

Sir And. And so could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

S C E N E. Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I, neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine, either?

Sir To. Shall I become thy bond slave?

Sir And. Or I, either?

Sir To. Why hast thou put him in such a dream,

that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad?

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *aqua vitae* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruit of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar; thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one, too. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E, Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola and Clown.

Viola. SAVE thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by the tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Viola. Art thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, Sir, till she be married; and fools are like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings; the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Viola. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Viola. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[Gives him a piece of money.]

Clo. Now, Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Viola. By my truth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Viola. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Viola. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir. I will construe to her wheeple you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, element, but the word is overwarm. [Exit.]

Viola. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, And to do that well, craves a kind of wit.

S C E N E. *Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Viola. And you, Sir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Viola. *Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola. I am bound to your niece, Sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Viola. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

—Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heav'n's rain odours on you.

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours! well.

Viola. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed: I'll get them all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exeunt Sir To. Sir And. and Maria.]

S C E N E.

—Give me your hand, Sir.

Viola. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Viola. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: Y'are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

Viola. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant, is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts, On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade you never speak again of him.

But would you undertake another suit,

I'd rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

Viola. O, dearest lady——

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment, (you did hear)

A ring in chace of you. So did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you;

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts, That tyrannous heart can think? to your receiving Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom, Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Viola. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree of love.

Viola. No, not a grace: for 'tis a vulgar proof, That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again; O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

Viola. Then westward, ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship.

You'll nothing, Madam, to my lord, by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me?

Viola. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it were better, Madam, than I am.

Oli. Cefario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and ev'ry thing,

I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort wry reasons from this clause,

For that I woo; thou therefore hast no cause:

But rather reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good; but given, unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth;

And that no woman has, nor never none

Shall mistress be of it.

Oli. Save I alone!

Vio. And so adieu, good Madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'st move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Olivia introduces a song.*] *Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, 'faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the duke's serving-man, than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her, toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass of me?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire into your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for, at your hand, and this was baulk'd. The double guilt of this opportunity, you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang, like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world, can more prevail in man's commendation with women, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lyes as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big

enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down, and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write it with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

S C E N E.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver, as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me; yon gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,] More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth, And not all love to see you, tho' so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage; But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts, (which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable) my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,

I can no other answer make, but thanks; But were my worth as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing: what's to do? Shall we go see the reliicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long till night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:

I do not without danger walk these streets. Once in a sea-fight, gainst the duke his gallies, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument: It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them, which for traffick's sake Most of our city did. Only myself stood out, For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, Sir, here's my In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, [purse. Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge, With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for An hour.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Olivia's House.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him; say he will come, How shall I feast him? what bestow on him? For youth is bought, more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd. I speak too loud; Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil, And suits well, for a servant, with my fortune. Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He is coming, Madam: But in very strange manner. He is sure posselt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter; does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing else but smile: Your ladyship were best to have some guard About you, if he come, for sure the man Is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha! [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs; it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know that sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. Heav'n comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness, before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness; 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.—

Oli. Heav'n restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd—

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is a very Midsummer madness!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino is return'd; I could hardly intreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him.—Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle Toby? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry, for the half of my dow'ry. [*Ex.*

S C E N E.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me, now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently, sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful; and when she went away now, "let this fellow be look'd to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together. Well! Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

S C E N E. *Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself posselt him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha, does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let him alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? what, man, defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray Heav'n, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done, to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him, for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O, Lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element; you shall know more, hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I should condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; but see, see.

SCENE. Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Sir Toby reads.]

"Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow".

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well, and Heav'n have mercy upon one of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friends as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him, at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailly; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly, for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they

will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE. Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes, with your niece; give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exit.]

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid my honour too unchary out.

There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a head-strong, potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof. [bears,

Vio. With the same "haviour that your passion Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:

And I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour, may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow; fare thee well. [Exit.]

SCENE. Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, heav'n save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish a man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement, at this moment, is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

Sir To. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer to him; therefore on, and strip your sword stark-naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir To.]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite, that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you

walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Priest, than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Ex.]

SCENE, the Orchard.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him, yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd, ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't—This shall end, without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse, as well as I ride you. [Aside.]

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [To Fab.]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you, for's oath sake; marry, he hath better be-thought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray Heav'n defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious,

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [Toby draws.]

Sir And. Pray Heav'n he keep his oath!

SCENE. Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me; if you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.]

Sir To. You, Sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Draws.]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the offi-

Sir To. I'll be with you, anon. [Cers.]

Vio. Pray, Sir, put up your sword, if you please.

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office. [Orsino.]

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 Off. No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.

What will you do? now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself: you stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, come away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability, I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me, now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man, As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none, Nor know I you, by voice or any feature.

Ant. Oh heavens!

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me but speak

A little. Why, this youth that you see here, I snatcht one half out of the jaws of death, Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love; And to his image, which, methought, did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god! Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. In nature there's no blemish, but the mind; None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind. Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil, Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. Surely the man grows mad, away with him: Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[Exit with Off.]

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know Yet living, in my glass; even such, and so In favour was my brother; and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament; For him I imitate: oh! if it prove, Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. Od's lid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but ne'er draw thy sword.

Sir And. If I do not—

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay money 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Cl. WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Cl. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor am I not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not

master Cesario, nor this is not my nose, neither; nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard the word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. These wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good report, after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? *[Striking Seb. Beating Sir And.]*

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats, for two-pence. *[Exit Clo.]*

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. *[Holding Seb.]*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there's any law in Illyria; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that?

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now? if thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw, and fight.]

SCENE. *Enter Olivia.*

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves. Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my Be not offended, dear Cesario. *[Sight!]* Rude! be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[Exit Sir To. and Sir And.] Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway, In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks This ruffian has botch'd up, that thou thereby May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go. Do not deny; bestrew his soul for me! He started one poor heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep, If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

[Exit.]

SCENE, Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas, the curate! do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby, the whilst.

[Exit Mar.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I'll dissemble myself in it; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. *Bonus dies*, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said, to a niece of King Gorboduck, that that is, is so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say, peace in this prison!

[In a counterfeit voice]

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. *[Within.]* Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio, the lunatick.

[This and all that follows from the Clown, in a counterfeit voice.]

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas; good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was a man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Madman thou errest; I say there is no darkness, but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the house of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas.

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

[This in his own voice.]

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown! he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. *[Exit with Mar.]*

SCENE.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does. *[Singing.]*

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits; fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad; indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I set down to my lady; it shall advance thee more than ever the bearing of letters did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his rains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I'll requite thee, begone.

Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [Singing.
I'll be with you again. [Exit.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't. And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant: His counsel now might do me golden service; For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness; Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune, So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that persuades me To any other trust, but that I'm mad; Or else the lady's mad. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine; if you mean Now go with me, and with this holy man, [well, Into the chantry by; there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May henceforth live at peace. He shall conceal it, Whiles you are willing it shall come to note; What time we will our celebration keep, According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; heav'n's so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine. [Exeunt.

A C T V.

SCENE, a cut Wood.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see this letter.

Clo. Good Mr. Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke and Viola.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass; so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so the conclusion to be asked is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives; why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure, as the bells of St. Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me, at this throw; if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, Sir, it may awake my bounty farther.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, Sir: but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having, is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clo.

SCENE. Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd, As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war; A baubling vessel was he captain of, For shallow drought and bulk unprizable, With which such scathful grapple did he make, With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, [ter? Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?
Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy; And this is he that did the Tyger board, When your young nephew Tylus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side; But in conclusion put strange speech upon me, I knew not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief, What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Noble Sir, Orsino, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give. Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate; [me; Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ungrateful boy there by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth, Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication. For his sake Did I expose myself (pure, for his love) Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him, when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months be-
No interim, not a minute's vacancy; [fore,
Both day and night did we keep company.

S C E N E. Enter Olivia.

Duke. Here comes the countess.—

But for thee, fellow; thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?— [have,
Cesario, you don't keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia!

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fullsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still, lord, so constant.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars,
My soul the faithful'st offerings has breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd.

Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,
Like to th' Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love? yet hear this:

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by Heav'n I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—

Come, boy, with me;
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you, who does do you
wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay. [To Viola.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold what thou dost know

Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact,
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: [grave
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear;

Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

S C E N E. Enter Sir Andrew, with his Head broke.

Sir And. For the love of Heav'n, a surgeon! and
send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H's broke my head across, and given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of
Heav'n, your help. I had rather than forty pounds
I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The duke's gentleman, one Cesario; we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil in-
carnate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is. You broke
my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set
on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be hurt, you have
hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody cox-
comb. Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear
more; but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's
an end on't—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clow. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour ago;
his eyes were set, at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure
Painim. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! who hath made this havock
with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll
be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb,
and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[Exeunt Clow. Sir To. and Sir And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

S C E N E. Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your un-
But had it been the brother of my blood, [cle;
I must have done no less, with wit and safety:

[All stand in amaze.

You throw a strange regard on me, by which
I do perceive it hath offended you;

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons;

A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O, my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,

Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio!

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be a deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
—Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, Thrice welcome, drown'd Viola!

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola. [*They embrace.*

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
[*To Olivia.*

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.—
Boy, thou hast said to me, a thousand times,
[*To Viola.*

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear.

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas! now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

S C E N E. *Enter the Clown, with a Letter, and Fabian.*

—How does he, sirrah?

Clow. Truly, Madam, he holds Beelzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do:
h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have given it
you to-day morning: But as a madman's epistles
are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are
deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clow. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the madman.—“By the Lord, Madam”—
[*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clow. No, Madam, I do but read madness.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads.*] “By the Lord, Madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it: though you have
put me into darkness, and given your drunken
uncle rule over me, yet have I benefit of my sen-
ses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own
letter, that induced me to the semblance I put
on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself
much right, or you much shame: think of me

as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought
of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly us'd Malvolio.”

Oli. Did he write this?

Clow. Ay, Madam.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian, bring him hither.
My lord, so please you, these things farther thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife;
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
—Your master quits you; and for your service done
him, [*To Viola.*
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress, and his sister she.

S C E N E. *Enter Malvolio.*

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same—how now, Malvo-

Mal. You have done me wrong, [*lio?*
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour;
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clow. Why, some are born great, some achieve great-
ness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. I was
one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, Sir; but
that's all one: by the Lord, fool, I am not mad; but
do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a
barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gag'd: and thus
the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.
[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace;
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. In the mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come—
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown sings.

I.

*When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

II.

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.*

III.

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.*

IV.

*But when I come unto my bed,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots I had drunken head,
For the rain, &c.*

V.

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [E*



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